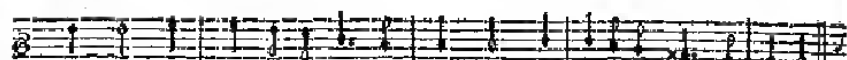
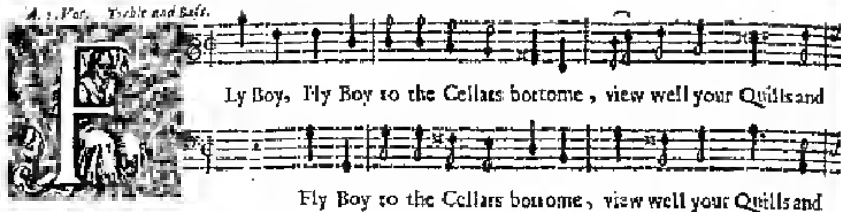
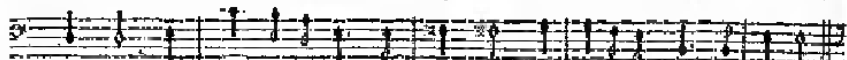


## A Glee.

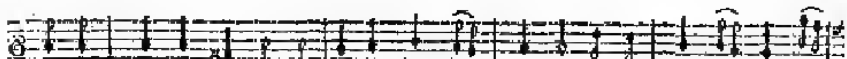
A. 3. Voc. Treble and Bass.



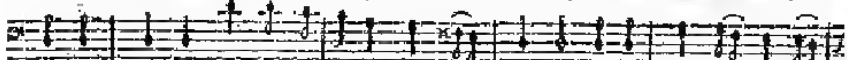
Bung, Sir: draw Wine to preserve the Lungs, Sir; not Rascally Wine, to Rot um,



Bung, Sir: draw Wine to preserve the Lungs, Sir; not Rascally Wine, to Rot um,



If the Quills run soule, be a trully Soule, and Cane it; for the Health is such, an

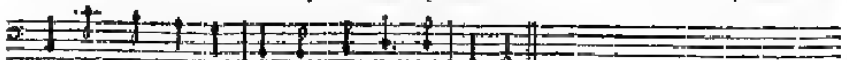


If the Quills run soule, be a trully Soule, and Cane it; for the Health is such, an



ill drop will much an ill drop will much profane it.

Mr. Simon Ives.



ill drop will much an ill drop will much profane it.

Here Endeth the Second Part of this Book;  
being *Dialogues and Glee*s for two Voices,  
to the *Theorboe-Lute*, or *Bass-Viol*.



## THIRD BOOK,

## CONTAINING

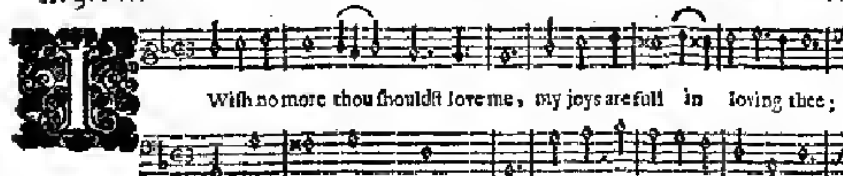
Short *ATRES* or *BALADS* for Three Voyces:

Which may be sung either by a Voyce alone, or by Two or Three Voyces.

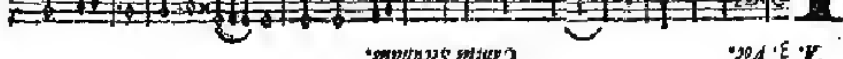
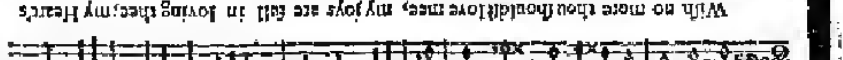
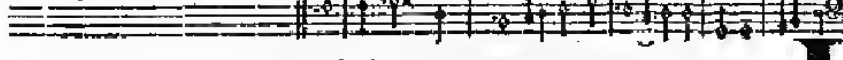
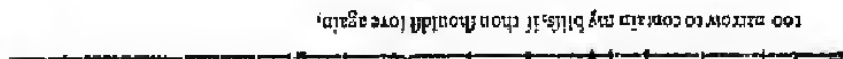
A. 3. Voc.

Cantus Primus.

Mr. William Webb.

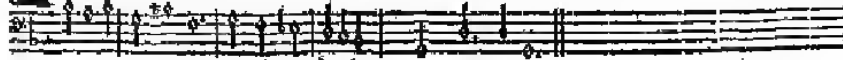
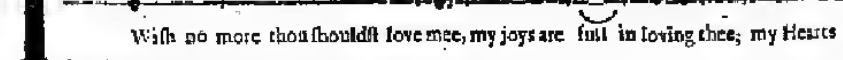
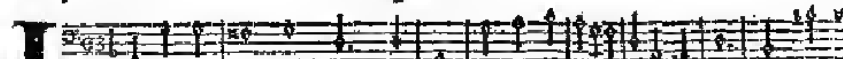


my Heart's too narrow to contain my bliss, if thou shouldst love again.



A. 3. Voc.

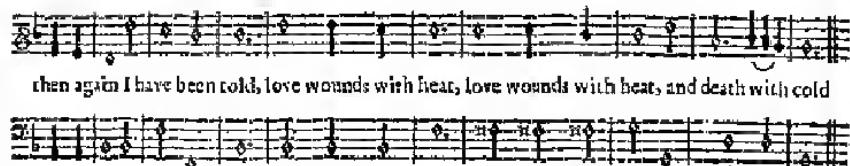
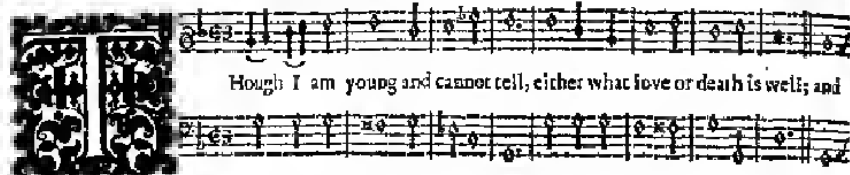
Bass.



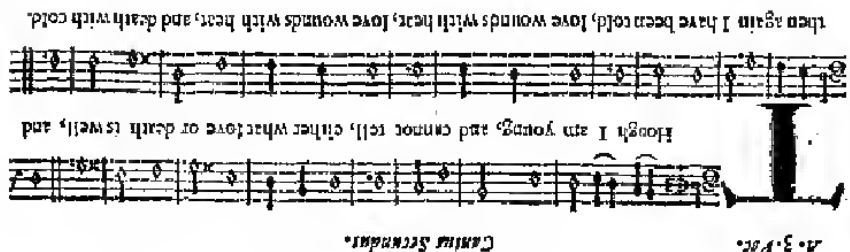
A. 3. Voc.

Cantus Primus.

Mr. Nicholas Lanneare.

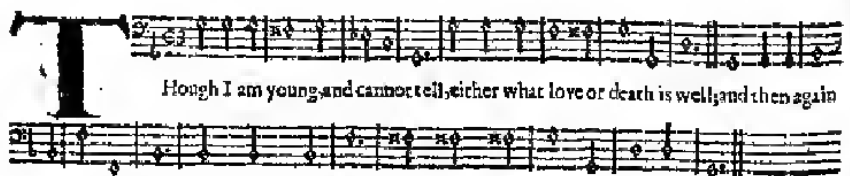


Yet I have heard they both bear darts,  
And both do aime at humane hearts;  
So that I fear they do but bring  
Extreams to touch, and mean one thing.



A. 3. Voc.

Bassus.

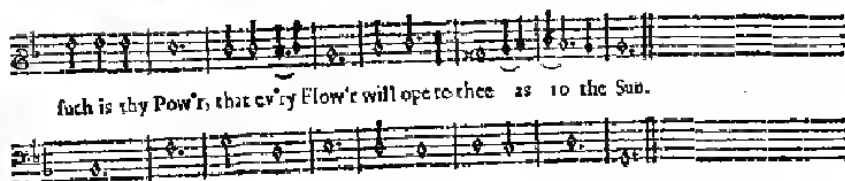
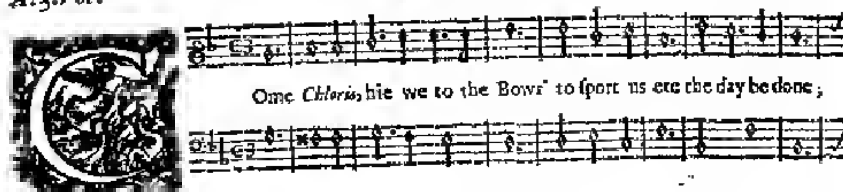


I have been told, love wounds with heat, love wounds with heat, and death with cold,

A. 3. Voc.

Chloris taking the Ayre.

Mr. Henry Lawes.

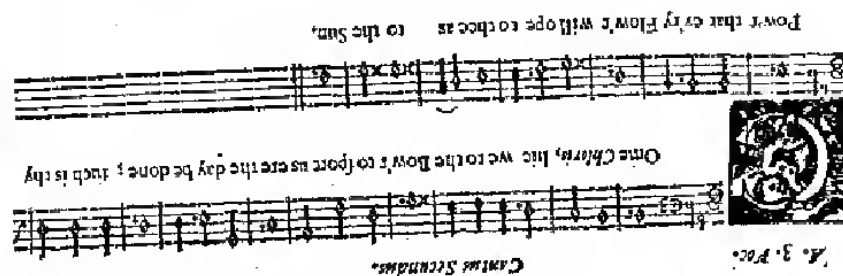


II.

And if a Flow'r but chance to dye  
With my sighs blais, or mine Eyes rain,  
Thou can't revive it with thine Eye,  
And with thy breath make't sweet again.

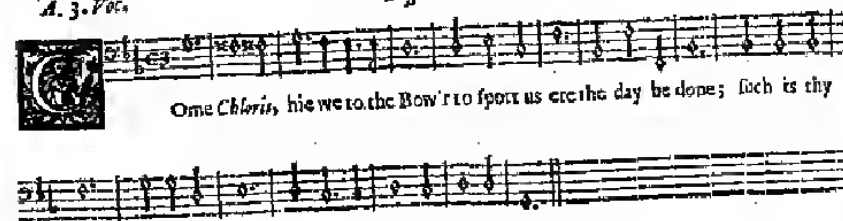
III.

The wanton Suckling and the Vine  
Will strive for th' honour, who first may  
With their green Arms incircle thine,  
To keep the burning Sun away.



A. 3. Voc.

Bassus.



Pow'r, that ev'ry Flow'r will open to thee as to the Sun,

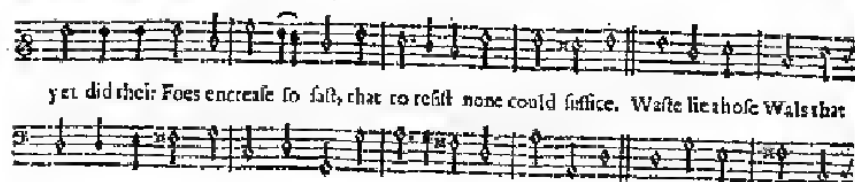
A. 3. Voc.

Cantus Primus.

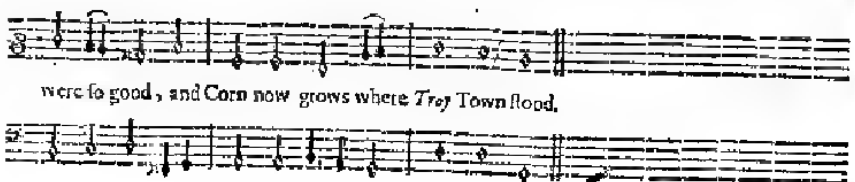
Dr. John Wilson.



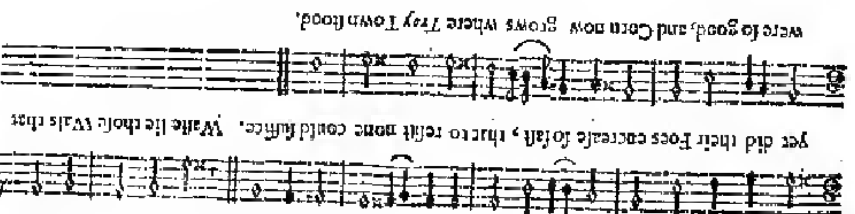
Hen Troy Town for ten years Wars withstood the *Greeks* in manful wife,



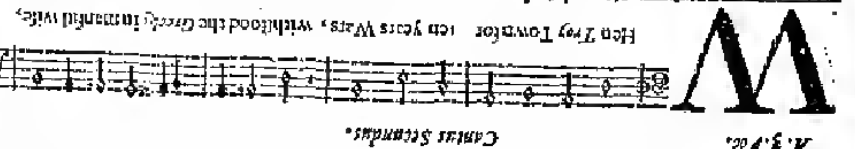
yet did their Foes encrease so fast, that to resist none could suffice. Waste lie those Walls that



were so good, and Corn now grows where *Troy Town* stood.



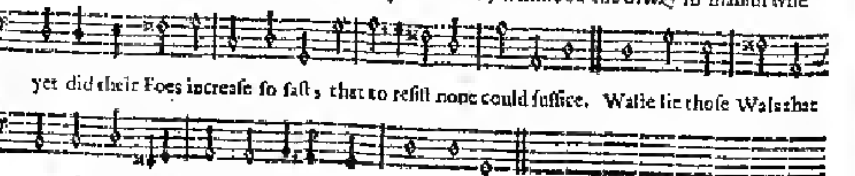
were so good, and Corn now grows where *Troy Town* stood.



Hen *Troy Town* for ten years Wars, withstood the *Greeks* in manful wife,



Hen *Troy Town* for ten years Wars, withstood the *Greeks* in manful wife



yet did their Foes increase so fast, that to resist none could suffice. Waste lie those Walls that

were so good, and Corn now grows where *Troy Town* stood.

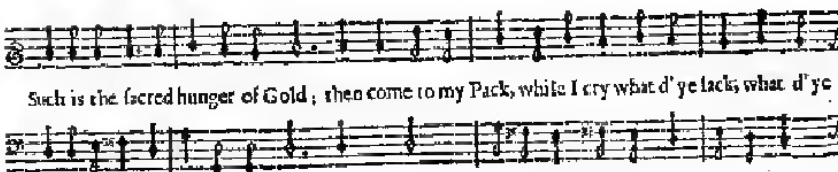
A. 3. Voc.

Cantus Primus.

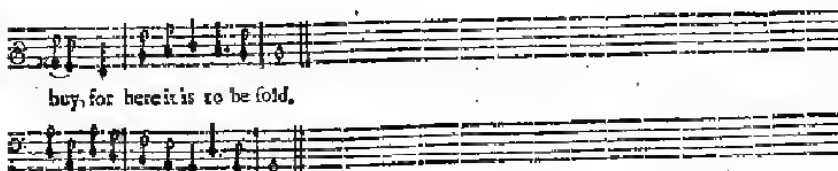
Dr. John Wilson.



From the fair *Lavina* Shore, I your Markers come to store.  
Mute not though so far I dwell, and my Wares come here to sell.



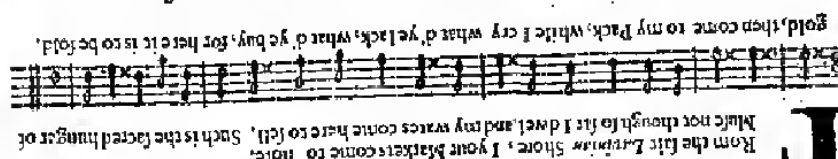
Such is the sacred hunger of Gold; then come to my Pack, while I cry what d'ye lack, what d'ye



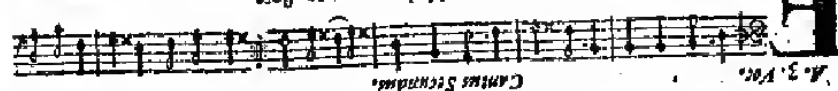
buy, for here it is to be sold.

I have Beauty, Honour, Grace,  
Fortune, Favour, Time, and Place;  
And what else thou wouldst request,  
Even the Thing thou likest best.  
First let me have but a touch of thy Gold,  
Then come to me Lad  
Thou shalt have what thy Dad  
Never gave, for here it is to be sold.

Maddam, come see what you lack,  
Here's Complexions in my Pack;  
White and Red you may have in this place,  
To hide your old ill wrinkled Face;  
First let me have but a touch of thy Gold,  
Then thou shalt seem  
Like a Wench of Fifteen,  
Although thou be threescore Years old.



gold, then come to my Pack, while I cry what d'ye lack, what d'ye buy, for here it is to be sold.



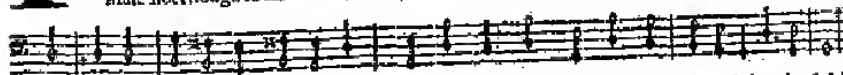
From the fair *Lavina* Shore, I your Markers come to store.  
Mute not though so far I dwell, and my wares come here to sell. Such is the sacred hunger of

A. 3. Voc.

Bass.



From the fair *Lavina* Shore, I your Markers come to store.  
Mute not though so far I dwell, and my wares come here to sell. Such is the sacred hunger of

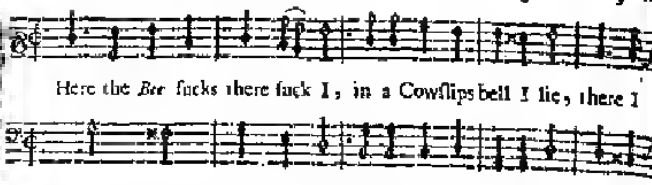


gold, then come to my Pack, while I cry, What d'ye lack, what d'ye buy? For here it is to be sold.

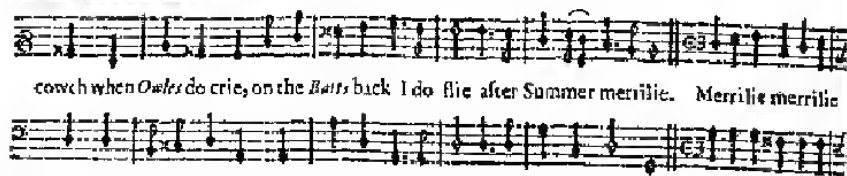
A. 3. Voc.

Cantus Primus.

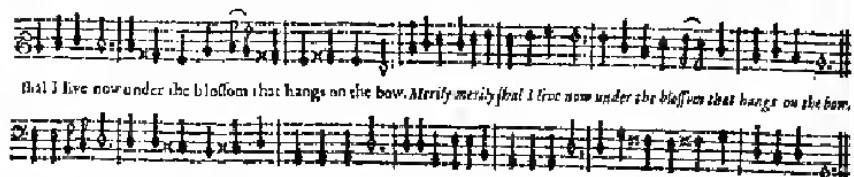
Dr. John Wilson.



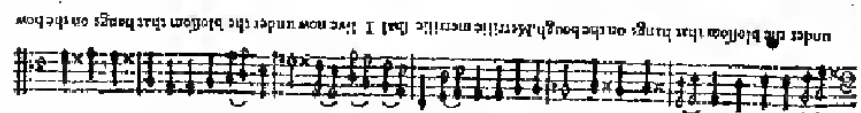
Here the Bee sucks there suck I, in a Cowslips bell I lie, there I



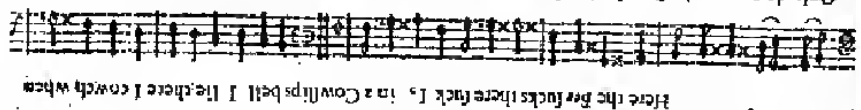
cowch when Owles do cry, on the Batts back I do lie after Summer merillie. Merrilie merrilie



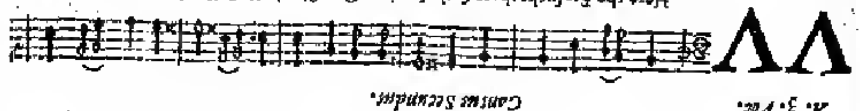
that I live now under the blossom that hangs on the bow. Merrilie merrilie that I live now under the blossom that hangs on the bow.



under the blossom that hangs on the bough. Merrilie merrilie that I live now under the blossom that hangs on the bough.



Owles do cry, on the Batts back I do lie after Summer merillie. Merrilie merrilie that I live now



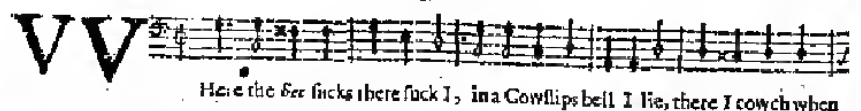
Here the Bee sucks there suck I, in a Cowslips bell I lie, there I cowch when

Cantus Secundus.

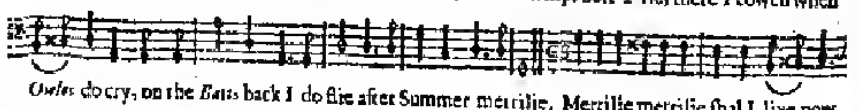
A. 3. Voc.

A. 3. Voc.

Bassus.



Here the Bee sucks there suck I, in a Cowslips bell I lie, there I cowch when



Owles do cry, on the Batts back I do lie after Summer merillie. Merrilie merrilie that I live now

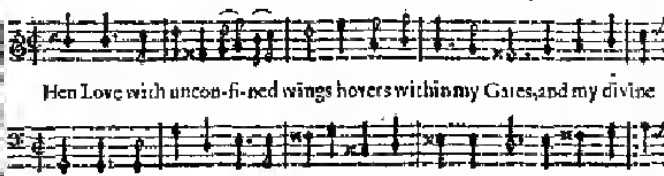


under the blossom that hangs on the bough. Merrilie merrilie that I live now under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

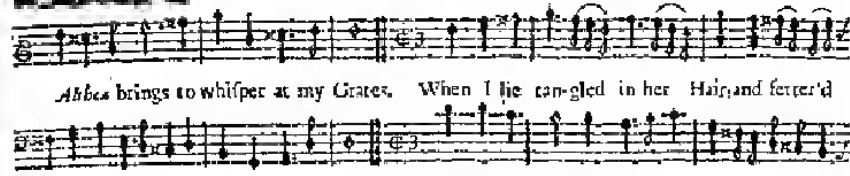
A. 3. Voc.

Cantus Primus.

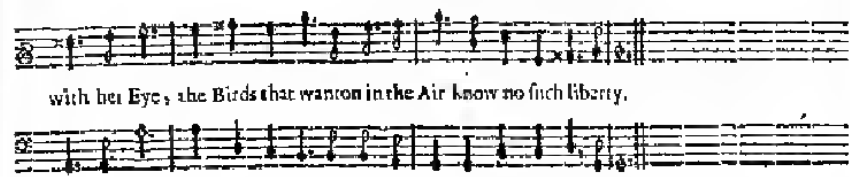
Dr. John Wilson.



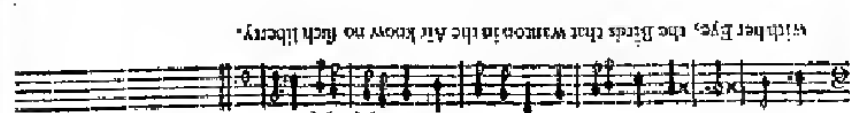
Then Love with uncon-fined wings hovers within my Gates, and my divine



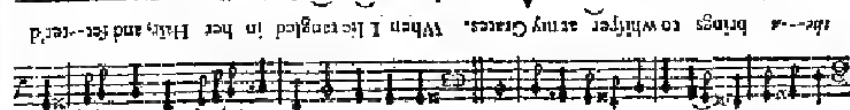
Albes brings to whisper at my Grates. When I lie tangled in her Hair, and fetter'd



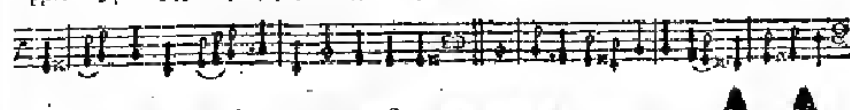
with her Eye, the Birds that wanton in the Air know no such liberty.



with her Eye, the Birds that wanton in the Air know no such liberty.



Albes brings to whisper at my Grates. When I lie tangled in her Hair, and fetter'd



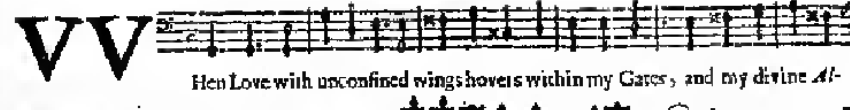
Then Love with uncon-fined wings hovers within my Gates, and my divine Al-

Cantus Secundus.

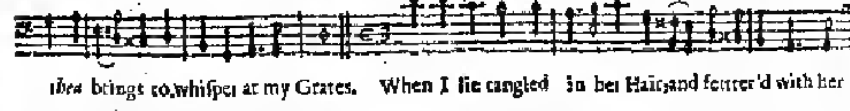
A. 3. Voc.

A. 3. Voc.

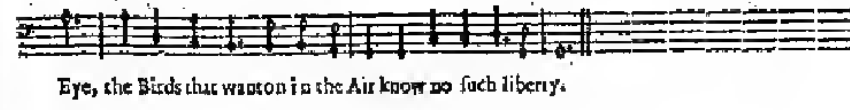
Bassus.



Then Love with uncon-fined wings hovers within my Gates, and my divine Al-



Albes brings to whisper at my Grates. When I lie tangled in her Hair, and fetter'd with her



Eye, the Birds that wanton in the Air know no such liberty.

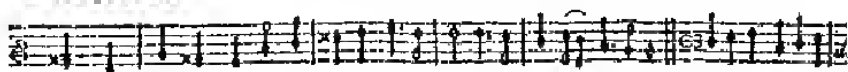
A. 3. Voc.

Cantus Primus.

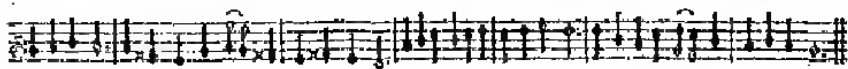
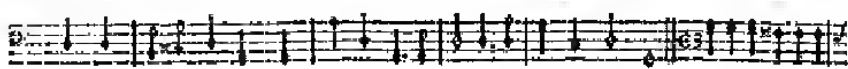
Dr. John Wilson.



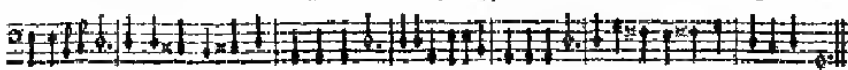
Here the Bee sucks there suck I, in a Cowslips bell I lie, there I



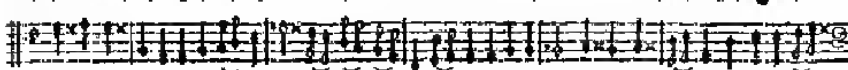
couch when Owles do cry, on the Bays back I do lie after Summer merrillie. Merrilie merrilie



that I live now under the blossom that hangs on the bough. Merrilie merrilie that I live now under the blossom that hangs on the bough.



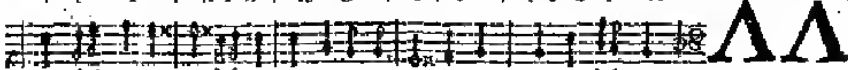
under the blossom that hangs on the bough. Merrilie merrilie that I live now under the blossom that hangs on the bough.



Owles do cry, on the Bays back I do lie after Summer merrillie. Merrilie merrilie that I live now



Here the Bee sucks there suck I, in a Cowslips bell I lie, there I couch when

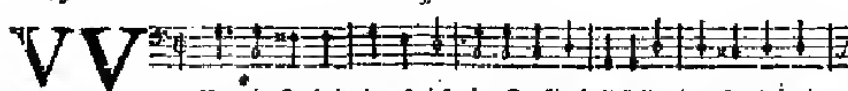


Cantus Secundus.

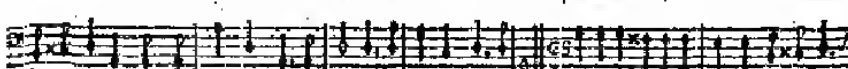
A. 3. Voc.

A. 3. Voc.

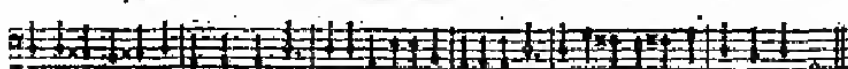
Bassus.



Here the Bee sucks there suck I, in a Cowslips bell I lie, there I couch when



Owles do cry, on the Bays back I do lie after Summer merrillie. Merrilie merrilie that I live now



under the blossom that hangs on the bough. Merrilie merrilie that I live now under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

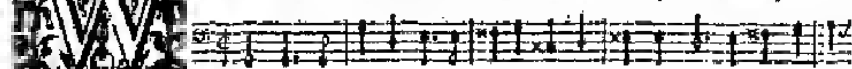
A. 3. Voc.

Cantus Primus.

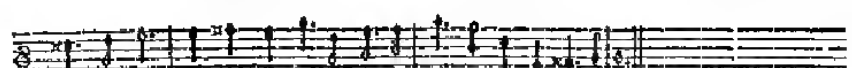
Dr. John Wilson.



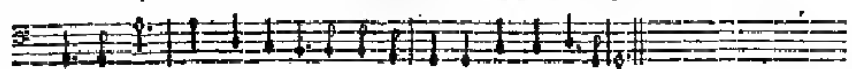
Hen Love with unconfin'd wings hovers within my Gates, and my divine



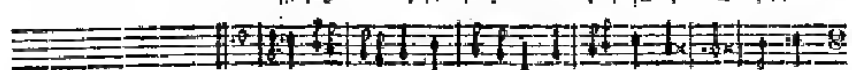
Althea brings to whisper at my Grates. When I lie tangled in her Hair, and fetter'd



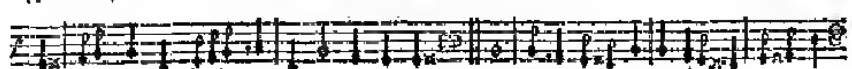
with her Eye, the Birds that wanton in the Air know no such liberty.



with her Eye, the Birds that wanton in the Air know no such liberty.



Althea brings to whisper at my Grates. When I lie tangled in her Hair, and fetter'd



Hen Love with unconfin'd wings hovers within my Gates, and my divine Al-

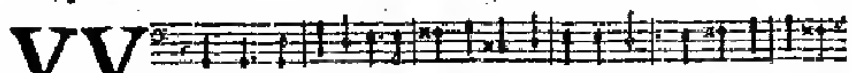


Cantus Secundus.

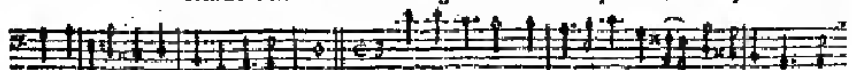
A. 3. Voc.

A. 3. Voc.

Bassus.



Hen Love with unconfin'd wings hovers within my Gates, and my divine Al-



Althea brings to whisper at my Grates. When I lie tangled in her Hair, and fetter'd with her

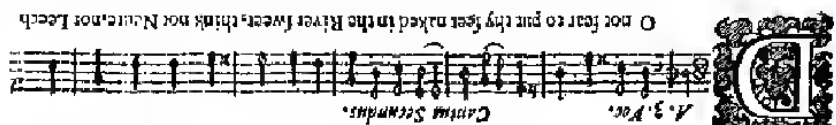
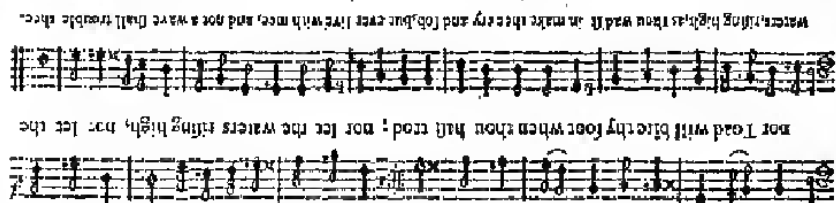
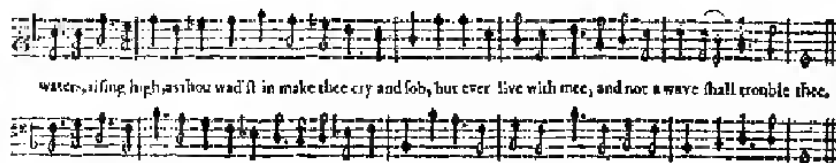
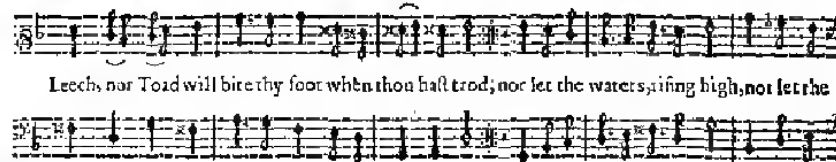
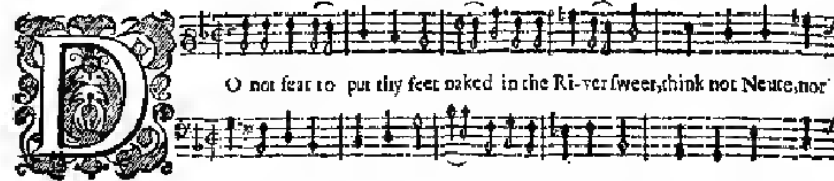


Eye, the Birds that wanton in the Air know no such liberty.

A. 3. Voc.

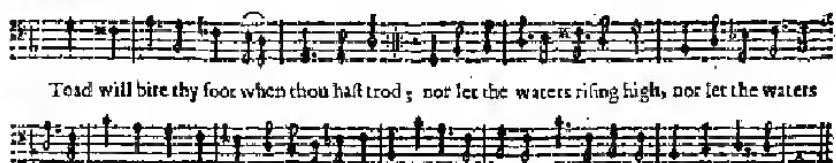
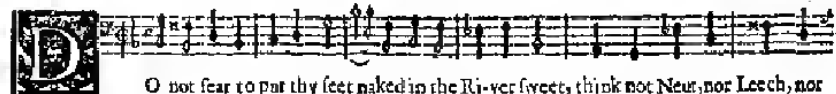
Cantus Primus.

Dr. John Wilson.



A. 3. Voc.

Bass.

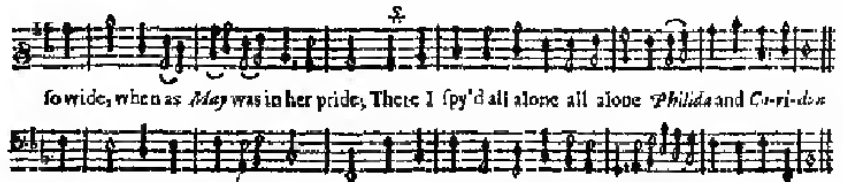
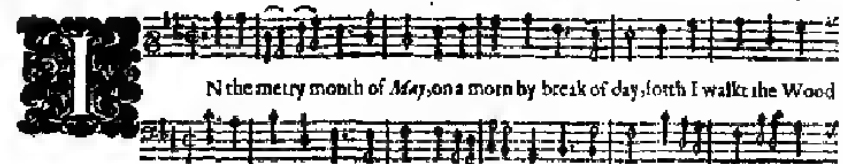


rising high, as thou wast it in make thee cry and sob, but ever live with mee, and not a wave shall trouble thee.

A. 3. Voc.

Cantus Primus.

Dr. John Wilson.



Much adoe there was, God wot,  
He did love, but she could not;  
He said his love was to woo,  
She said none was false to you;  
He said, he had lov'd her long,  
She said, love should take no wrong.

Coridon would have kist her then,  
She said, Maids must kisse no Men,  
Till they kisse for good and all;  
Then she bad the Shepherd call  
All the Gods to witness truth,  
Ner was loved so fair a youth.

Then with many a pteury Oath,  
As Yea and Nay, and Faith and Troth;  
Such as silly Shepherds use  
When they would not love abuse;  
Love which had been long deluded,  
Was with kisses sweet concluded.

And Phillida with Garlandsgay  
Was Crowned the Lady May.

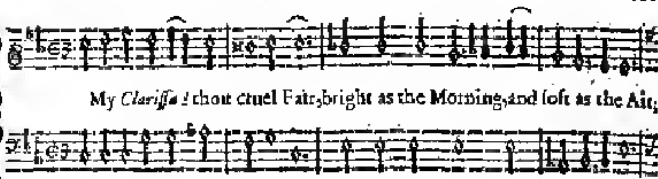




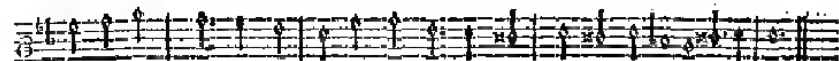
A. 3. Voc.

Cantus Primus.

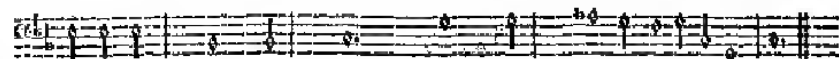
Mr. William Lawes.



My Clarissa! thou cruel Fair, bright as the Morning, and soft as the Air;



Fresher than Flow'rs in May, yet far more sweet than they; Love is the subject of my prayer.



When first I saw thee, I felt a flame,  
Which from thine Eyes like lightning came;  
Sure it was Cupid's Dart,  
It pierc'd quite through my heart;  
Oh, could thy breath once feel the same!

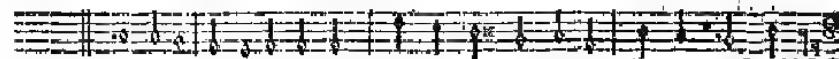
A wound so powerfull would urge thy soule,  
Spight of a froward heart, coyneis controule,  
And make thy love as fire  
As is the heart thou prik'st,  
Forcing thee with me to condole.

Let not such Fortune my Love beride;  
Oh, let your rocky breast be mollifi'd!  
Send me not to my Grave  
Unpitied like a slave;  
How can love such usage abide?

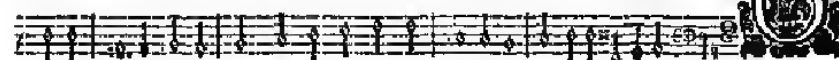
Sympathize with me a while in grief,  
This passion quickly will find out relief;  
Cupid will from his Bowers  
Warm these chill hearts of ours,  
And make his power rule there in chief.

Then would the God of Love equall bee,  
Giving me ease, as by wounding thee;  
Then would you never feare,  
When like to me you burs;  
At least not prove unkind to mee.

than flowers in May, yet far more sweet than they; Love is the subject of my prayer.



My Clarissa! thou cruel Fair, bright as the Morning, and soft as the Air: Fresher

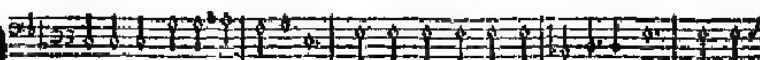


Cantus Secundus.

A. 3. Voc.

A. 3. Voc.

Bass.



My Clarissa! thou cruel Fair, bright as the Morning, and soft as the Air: Fresher

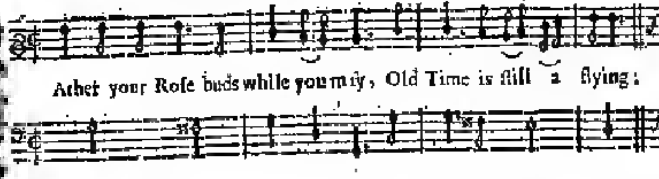


than flowers in May, yet far more sweet than they; Love is the subject of my prayer.

A. 3. Voc.

Cantus Primus.

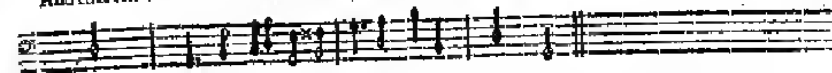
Mr. William Lawes.



Ather your Rose buds while you may, Old Time is still a flying;



And that time Flow'r that smiles to day, to morrow will be dying.

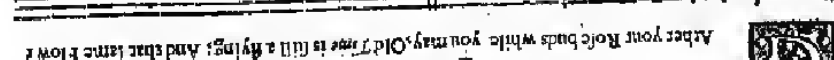


The glorious Lamp of Heaven, the Sun,  
The higher he is getting,  
The sooner will his race be run;  
And nearer he's to setting.

That Age is best that is the first,  
While youth and blood are warmer;  
Expect not the last and worst,  
Time still succeeds the former.

Then be not coy, but use your time,  
While you may go marry;  
For having once but lost your prime,  
You may for ever tarry:

that smiles to day, to morrow will be dying.



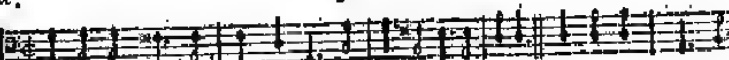
Ather your Rose buds while you may, Old Time is still a flying; And that time Flow'r

Cantus Secundus.

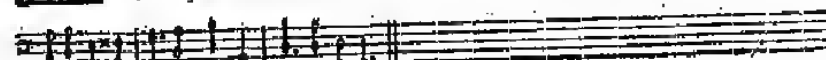
A. 3. Voc.

A. 3. Voc.

Bass.



Ather your Rose buds while you may, old Time is still a flying; And the time Flow'r that



smiles to day to morrow will be dying.

A. 3. Voc.

Cantus Primus.

Mr. Henry Lawes.



Ear not, dear Love, that I'll reveal those hours of pleasure we two steal,

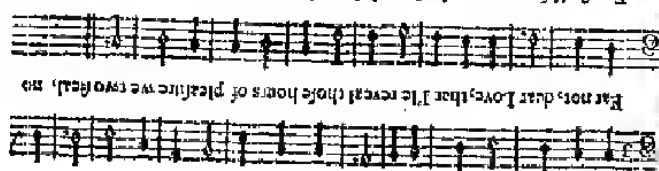
no Eye shall see, nor yet the Sun, descry what thou and I have done.

No ear shall hear our Love, but we  
As silent as the night will be,  
The God of Love himself, (whose dart  
Did first wound mine, and then thy heart.)

Shall never know that we can tell,  
What sweets in holn embraces dwell;  
This onely means may find it out,  
If when I die, Physicians doubt,

What caus'd my death, and then to view  
Of all their judgments which was true;  
Rip up my heart, O then I fear  
The world will see thy picture there.

Eye shall see, nor yet the Sun, descry what thou and I have done.



Cantus Secundus.

A. 3. Voc.

Bassus.



Ear not, dear Love, that I'll reveal those hours of pleasure we two steal, no

Eye shall see, nor yet the Sun, descry what thou and I have done.

A. 3. Voc.

Cantus Primus.

Mr. William Tompkins.



The young Folly, though you wear that fair beauty, I did swear, yet you ne'r could

reach my heart, for we country lads at school only with your sex to fool, it's not worth our serious part.

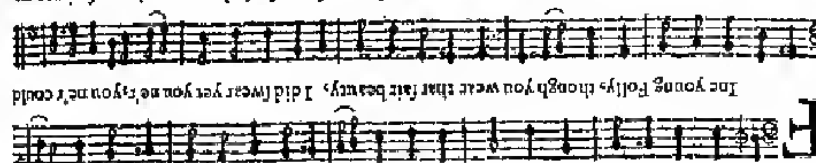
When I sigh and kiss your hand,  
Cresset mine Armes, and wondring stand,  
Holding fairly with your eye:  
Then dilate on my desires,  
Swear the Sun ne'r shot such fires,  
All is but a handsome lye.

Wherefore, Madam, wear no cloud,  
Nor to check my flames grow proud,  
For insooth I much do doubt,  
'Tis the powder in your hair,  
Not your breath perfume the Air,  
And your cloaths that set you out.

When I eye your Curles or Lace,  
Gentle soul, you think your face  
Straight some murder doth commit;  
And your conscience doth begin  
To be scrupulous of my sin,  
When I court to shew my wit.

Yet though truth hath this consent,  
And I swear I love in jest,  
Courteous soul, when next I court,  
And protest an amorous flame  
You I vow, I in earnest am,  
Bedlam, this is pretty sport.

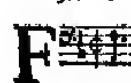
reach my heart, for we country lads at school only with your sex to fool, it's not worth our serious part.



Cantus Secundus.

A. 3. Voc.

Bassus.



The young Folly, though you wear that fair beauty, I did swear yet you ne'r you ne'r could

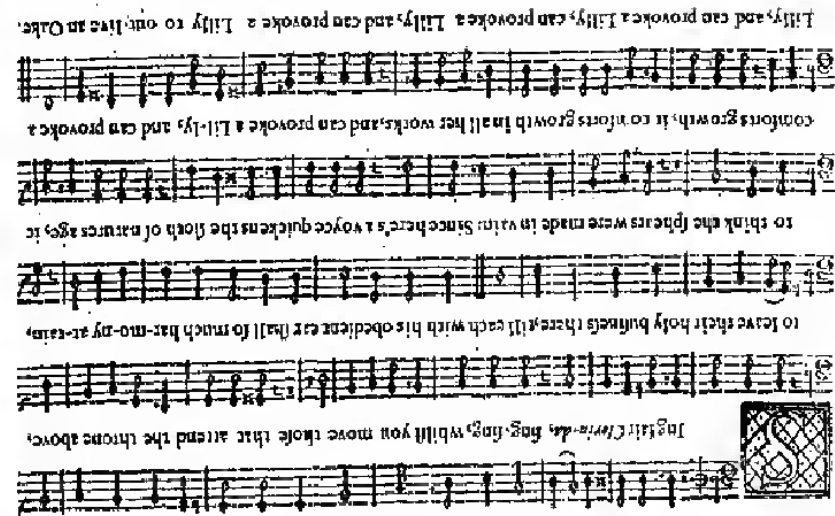
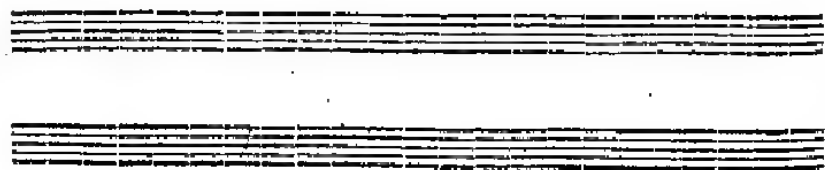
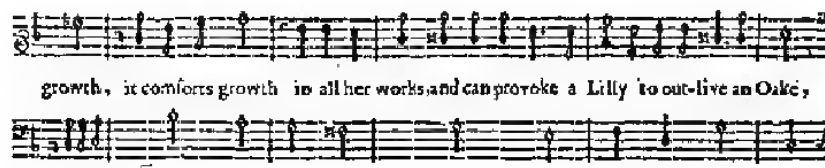
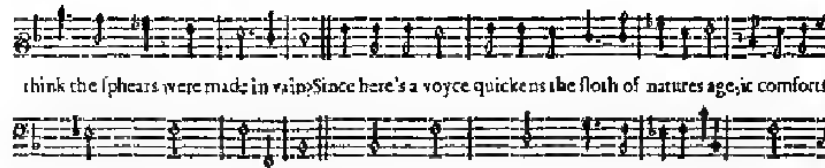
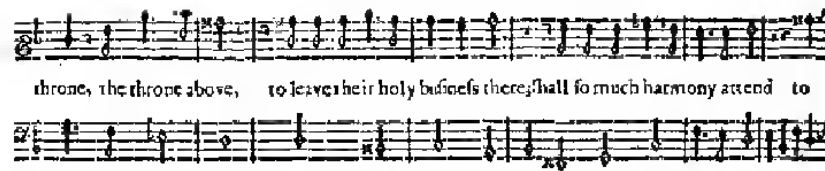
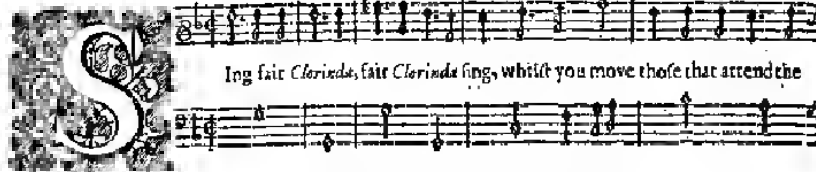
reach my heart, for we country lads at school only with your sex to fool, it's not worth our serious part.



A. 3. Voc.

Cantus Primus.

Mr. Henry Lawes.

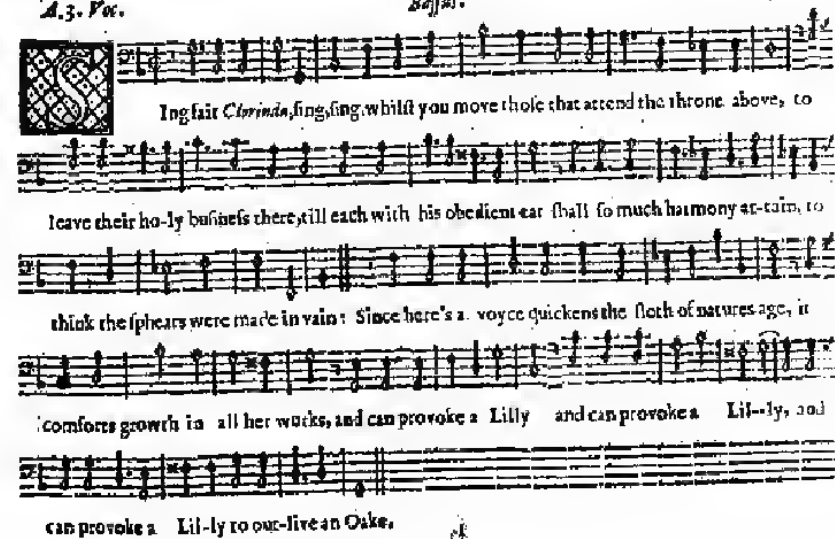


Cantus Secundus.

A. 3. Voc.

A. 3. Voc.

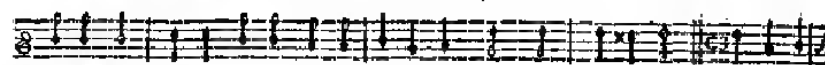
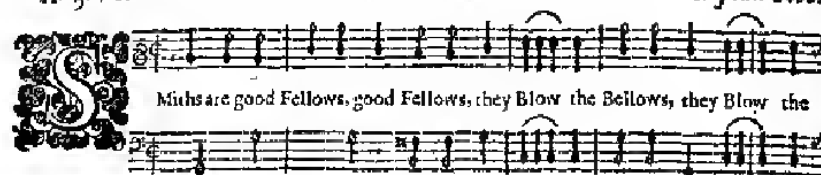
Bass.



A. 3. Voc.

Cantus Primus.

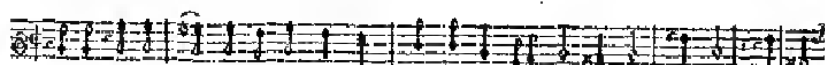
Mr. John Cobb.



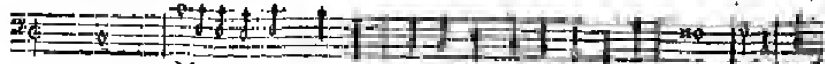
Bellows, they Blow the Fellows while the Iron's hot; though their gains be small, Thy pot and



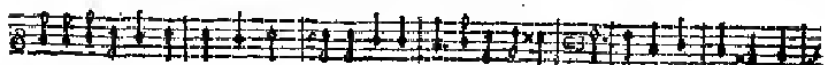
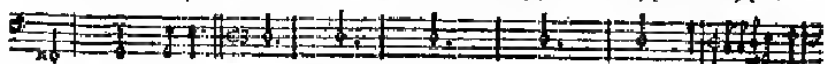
my pot, come thy pot and my pot, come thy pot and my pot, and thy pot their Hammers call.



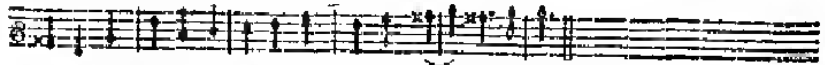
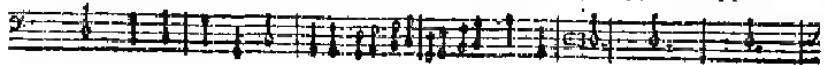
Hallow, Hallow, Hallow is the White Mare Fallow, hold foot while I strike, stand fast, stand fast,



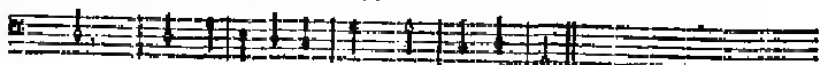
stand fast with a Winton: Thy pot and my pot, come thy pot, come my pot and thy pot, sure



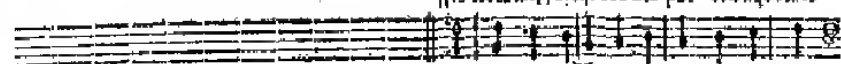
'tis but opinion Alc hurts the sight, For continually con-ti-nu-al-ly, Thy pot and my pot, come



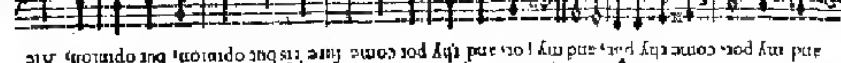
thy pot, come thy pot and my pot, come thy pot their Hammers call.



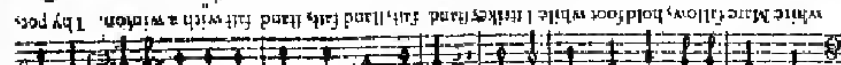
come thy pot, and my pot their Hammers call.



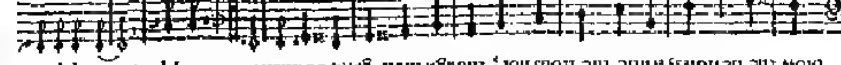
hurts the sight for continually, Thy pot, and my pot, come thy pot, come my pot and thy pot,



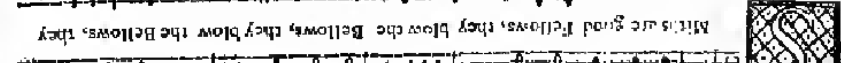
and my pot, come thy pot, and my pot, and thy pot come sure 'tis but opinion, but opinion, Alc



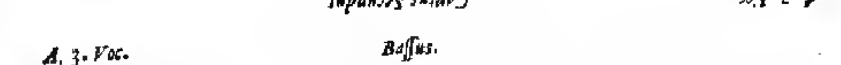
white Mare fallow, hold foot while I strike, stand fast, stand fast, stand fast, stand fast with a winton, Thy pot,



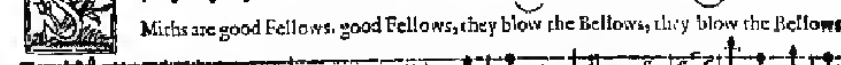
come thy pot, and my pot, come thy pot, come my pot, and thy pot their Hammers call. Hallow, hallow, is the



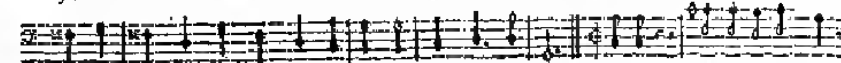
blow the Bellows, while the Irons hot; though their gain be small, Thy pot, and my pot,



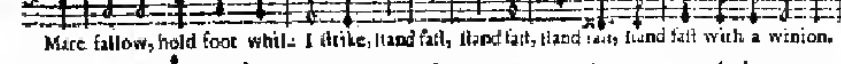
Miths are good Fellows, they blow the Bellows, they blow the Bellows, they



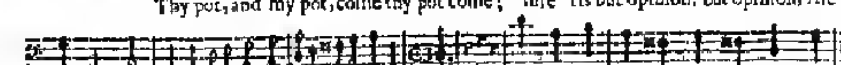
they blow the Bellows, while the Irons hot; though their gain be small, Thy pot, and my



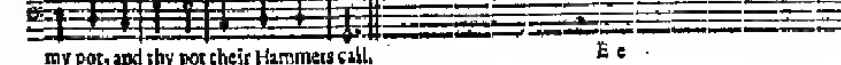
pot, come thy pot, come thy pot, and my pot their Hammers call. Hallow, hallow, is the white



Mare fallow, hold foot while I strike, stand fast, stand fast, stand fast, stand fast with a winton,



Thy pot, and my pot, come thy pot come, sure 'tis but opinion, but opinion, Alc



hurts the sight for continually, for con-ti-nu-al-ly. Thy pot, and my pot, come thy pot, come

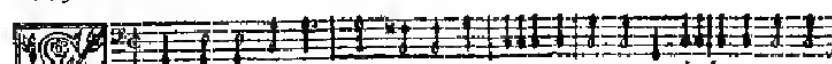


my pot, and thy pot their Hammers call.

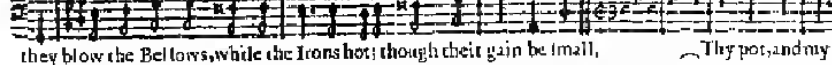
E c

A. 3. Voc.

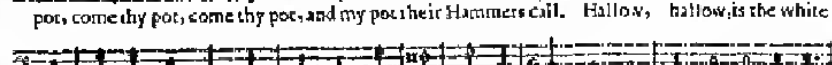
Bassus.



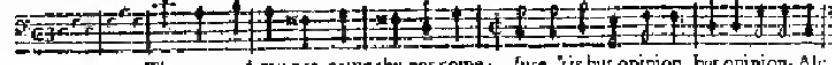
Miths are good Fellows, good Fellows, they blow the Bellows, they blow the Bellows,



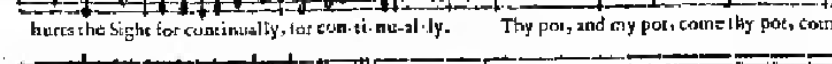
they blow the Bellows, while the Irons hot; though their gain be small, Thy pot, and my



pot, come thy pot, come thy pot, and my pot their Hammers call. Hallow, hallow, is the white



Mare fallow, hold foot while I strike, stand fast, stand fast, stand fast, stand fast with a winton,



Thy pot, and my pot, come thy pot come, sure 'tis but opinion, but opinion, Alc



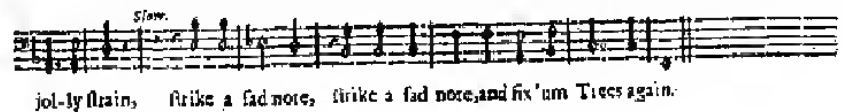
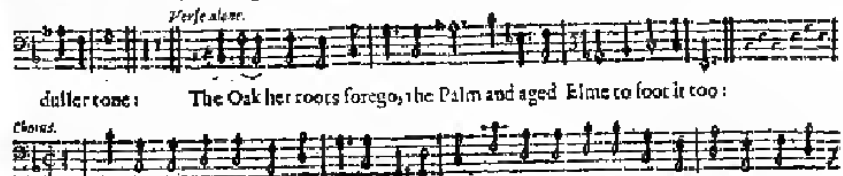
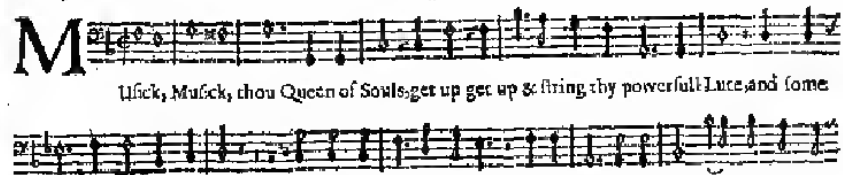
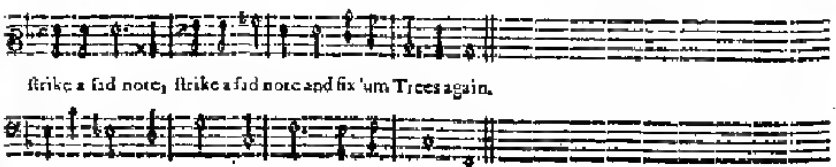
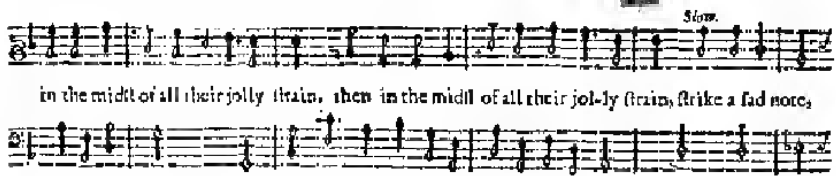
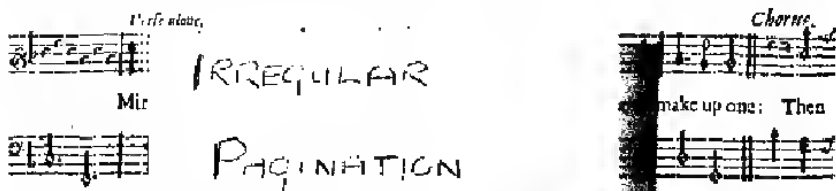
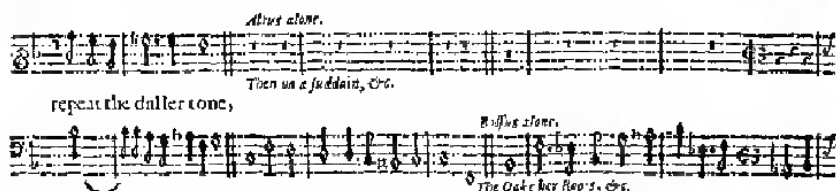
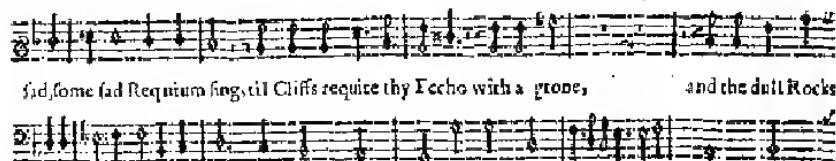
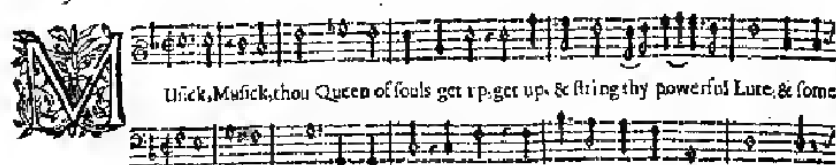
hurts the sight for continually, for con-ti-nu-al-ly. Thy pot, and my pot, come thy pot, come



my pot, and thy pot their Hammers call.

A. 3. Voc.

Cantus Primus. Mr. William Smegergill alias Caesar.

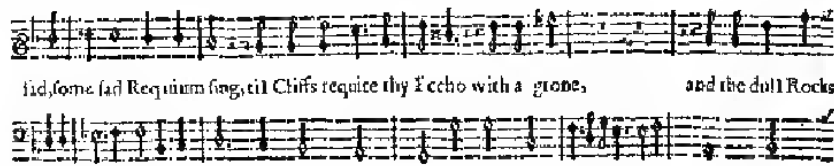


A. 3. Voc.

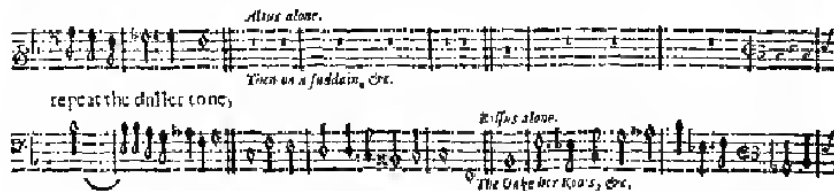
Cantus Primus. Mr. William Smegergill alias Cesar.



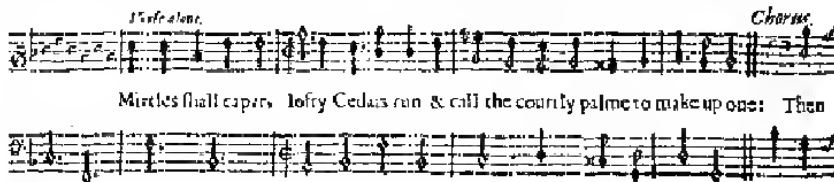
Lick, Musick, thou Queen of souls get up, get up, &amp; string thy powerful Lute, &amp; some



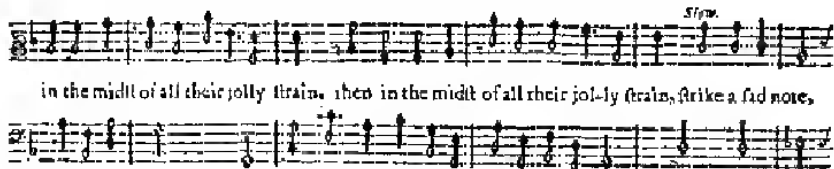
sad, some sad Requiem sing, till Cliffs requite thy Echo with a grone, and the dull Rocks



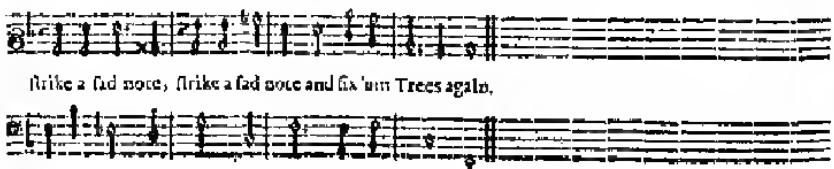
repeat the duller tone,



Mirtles shall caper, Jolly Cedars run &amp; call the courtly palme to make up one: Then



in the midlt of all their jolly strain, then in the midlt of all their jol-ly strain, Strike a sad note,



Strike a sad note, Strike a sad note and fix 'um Trees again,

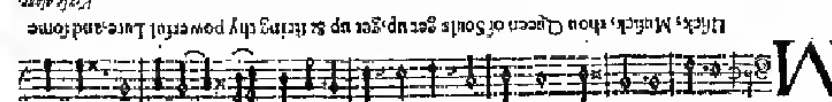


jol-ly, jol-ly strain, Strike a sad note, Strike a sad note, and fix 'um Trees again,

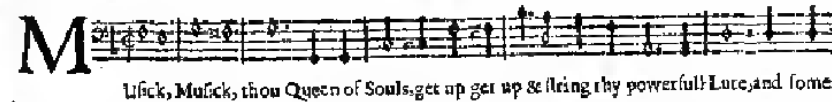
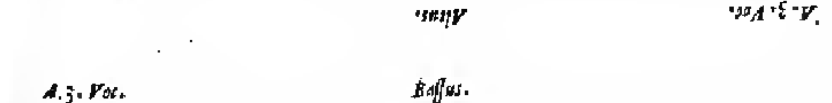
Then in the midlt of all their jol-ly, jol-ly strain, then in the midlt of all their

op a Juddar, with a nimble hand, up—Gently o're the Cords, and to command the Pine to dance:

sad, some sad Requiem sing, till Cliffs requite thy Echo with a grone, and the dull Rocks repeat thy duller tone: Then

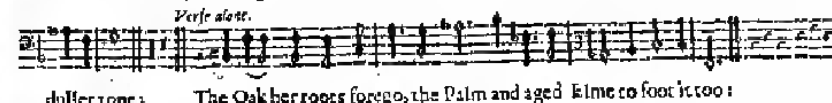


Lick, Musick, thou Queen of Souls get up, get up &amp; string thy powerful Lute, and some



Lick, Musick, thou Queen of Souls, get up get up &amp; string thy powerful Lute, and some

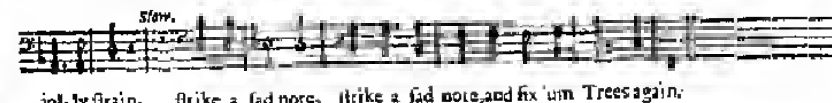
sad some sad Requiem sing, till Cliffs requite thy Echo with a grone &amp; the dull Rocks repeat thy



duller tone: The Oak her roots forego, the Palm and aged Elm to foot it too:



Then in the midlt of all their jol-ly, jol-ly strain, then in the midlt of all their jol-ly, jol-ly

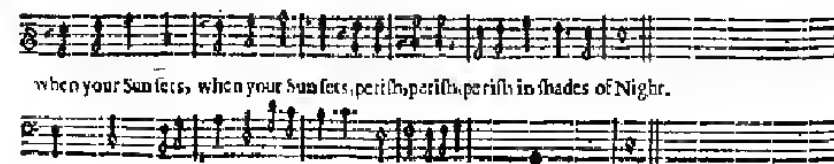
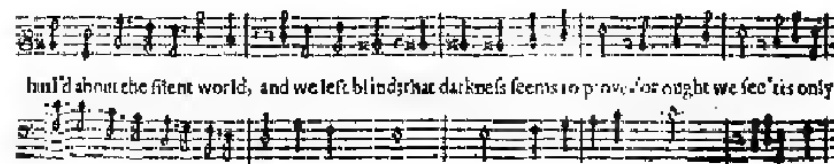
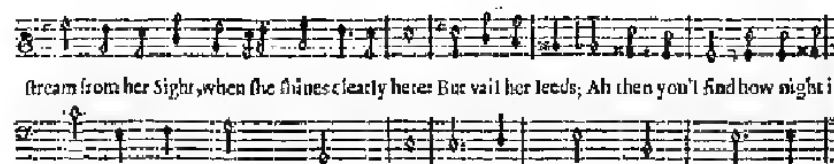
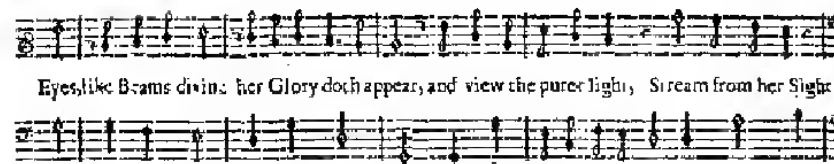
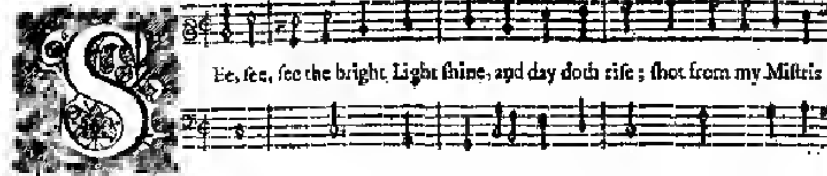


jol-ly strain, Strike a sad note, Strike a sad note, and fix 'um Trees again,

A. 2. Voc.

Cantus Primus.

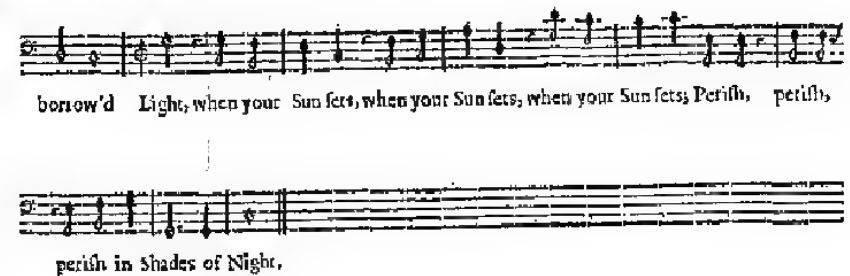
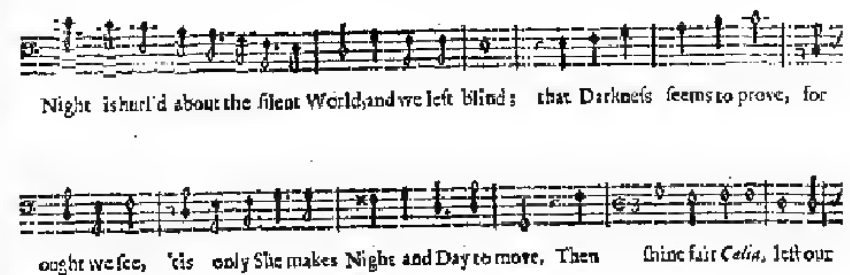
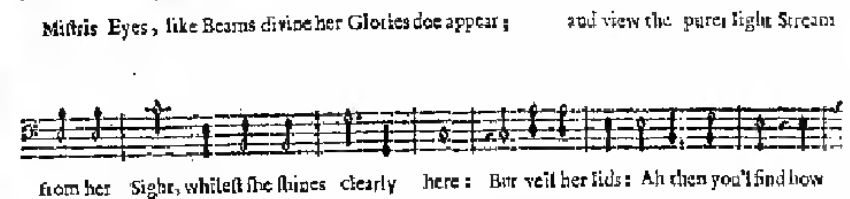
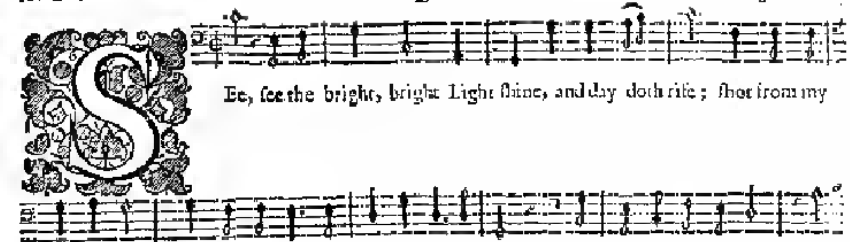
Mr. Jenkins.



A. 2. Voc.

Bassus.

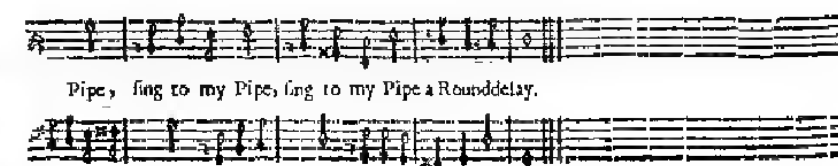
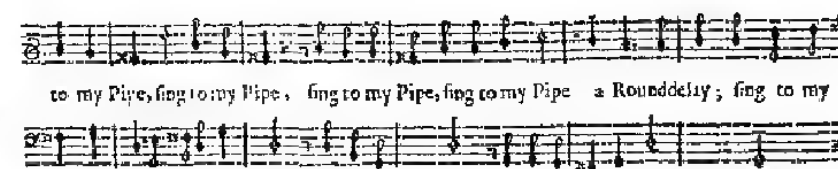
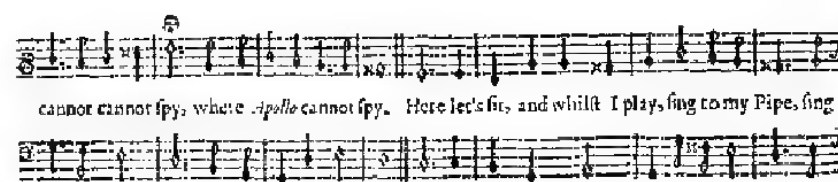
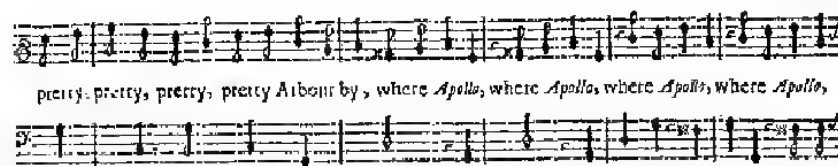
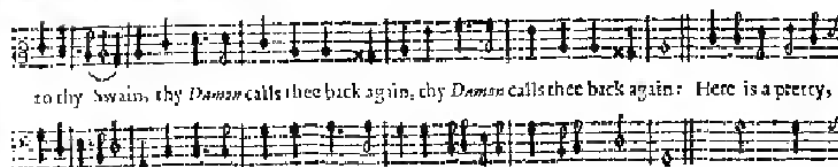
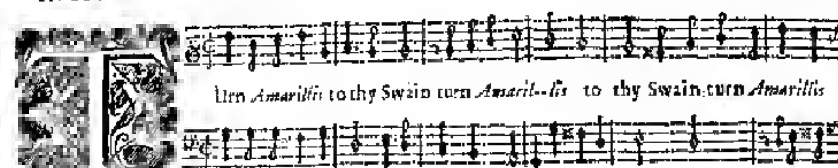
Mr. Jenkins.



A. 2. Voc.

Cantus Primus.

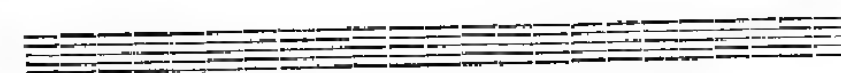
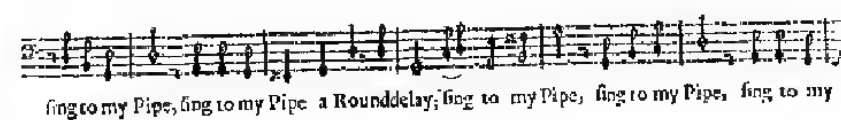
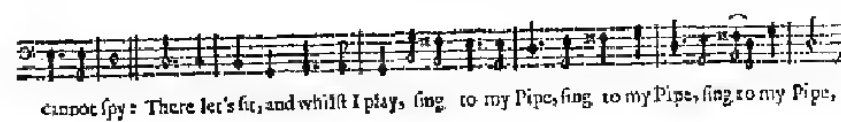
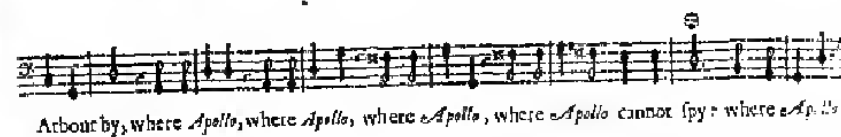
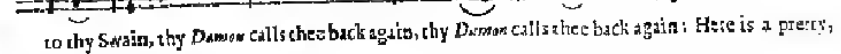
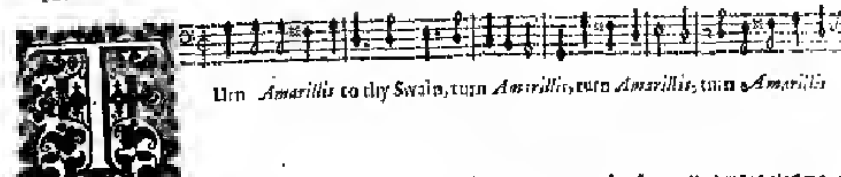
Mr. Tho. Brewer.



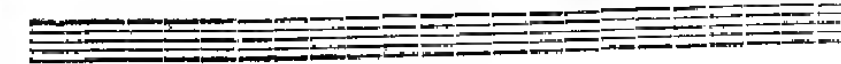
A. 2. Voc.

Bassus.

Mr. Tho. Brewer.



Reader.  
*Little than half this Song, for Two Voyces; as it was  
 first Compos'd by my Friend the Author, though in  
 Years, two inward Parts have been added to it. J. P.*

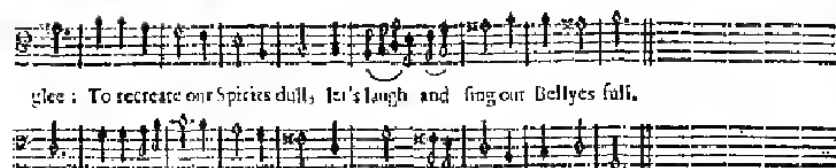




A. 3. Voc.

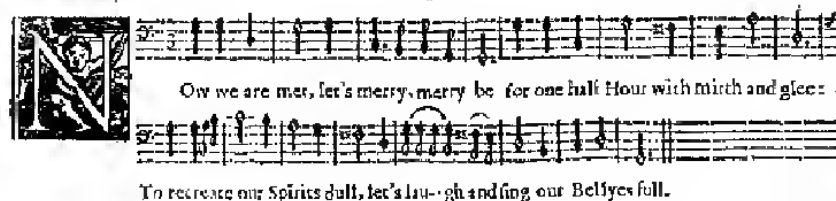
Cantus Primus.

Mr. Simon Ives.



A. 3. Voc.

Bass.



## In praise of Music.

Musick miraculous *Rhetorick*! that speak'st Sense  
Without a Tongue, excellent Eloquence:  
The love of thee in wild Beasts have been known,  
And Birds have lik'd thy Notes above their own.

How easie might thy Errors be excus'd,  
Wert thou as much beloved, as thou art abus'd;  
Yet although dull Souls thy Harmony disprove,  
Mine shall be fixt in what the Angels love.

FINIS.

W. D. Knight.

By the Author.

SELECT  
AYRES  
AND  
DIALOGUES  
To Sing to the  
THEORBO-LUTE  
OR  
BASSE-VIOL.

COMPOSED  
By M<sup>r</sup> HENRY LAWES, late Servant to His Majesty  
in His Publick and Private MUSICK:  
And other Excellent MASTERS.

The Second Book.



LONDON,

Printed by William Godbid for John Playford, and are to be Sold at his Shop  
in the Temple, near the Church Dore. 1669.